system," or of an accident caused by "us[ing] their hands in a wrong way, because the nerves simply make them do so." She herself belongs to the latter class, although "I am a girl of a tremondous [sic] will power, tenacious also, for if it takes me half a life-time to accomplish my purpose, Ill never give in." She seems to be engaged in a losing struggle with frustration, which she believes her own "terrible experience" with might indirectly be used "to help you to cure some of the other patients." At the same time he is to remember that "no one on earth excepting doctors and students are ever to know that a girl told these secrets of a woman's life":

> I've had to hold my wrists lots of times to prevent myself doing wrong with my hands, and I think it was an awful shame, that no one ever took me on one side as a child, and explained to me that my body was God's as well as my soul. There are times even yet and I am thirty years old now, when it seems almost impossible to keep my hands away from myself but I never give way to those feelings at all now....

At the same time she admits she frequently feels like smashing things, and it sees she occasionally finds relief that way -- as she puts it with rather surprising candour, "smashing everything and every body, who deserves smashing." At the same time it is not entirely wrong, given that "some of the brutes ... are mighty fond of smashing us." She exempts the nurses, but it is hard to know who else she could be referring to. After worrying about the cleanliness of the tea-things, she promises that "If you get some fools' cap I'll endeavour to write such things as well earn me something better than a dunce's cap."

In her letter to Dr. Herriman of September 27 1910, she addresses him as "Father." She is staying (and/or working?) at a hotel in a small Ontario town. She begins by explaining that "It's raining this morning, so ... I cannot work." She thanks him for his "kindness and patience" during her last confinement in the Asylum, before proceeding to complain about tiredness, caused by her inability to sleep after reading the sensational report of a murder:

> Last night I was dreaming all sorts of rubbish. I dreamt that I was the first of nine wives of Dr Crippin, and from that I was in the asylum, and all sorts of things were happening. Dr. McEwan came through along with Dr. W.K. Ross, who used